

The BEACON

FOR SCHOOL AND HOME

VOLUME XIII. No. 8

THE BEACON PRESS, BOSTON, MASS.

NOVEMBER 19, 1922



Bob White's Thanksgiving Treat

By DAISY D. STEPHENSON



"I'M so sorry, Bob, and I've tried all afternoon to think of some way that would allow you to go with the Scouts tonight, while I attend the special rehearsal for the Thanksgiving music." Mrs. White's face and voice expressed motherly concern and full understanding of the disappointment her announcement must bring. "But you know how fussy Dorothy is when she's sick, and how impossible it is to leave her with a stranger. Aunt Grace is out of town, and Nellie-next-door is going to a party. Those two are the only ones except yourself who have stayed with her when I'm away."

A very natural groan escaped Bob—long ago dubbed "Bob White, the Bird Boy" by his friends. Then realizing that his mother was unhappy over the matter, and remembering how truly she always entered into his plans and activities, he rallied all his Scout training toward making the best of what could not be helped.

"I even tried to put rehearsal an hour earlier," Mrs. White was saying, regretfully, as she measured out Dorothy's medicine. "But Mr. Grant, our tenor, can't possibly get away from the store. And of course by the time I'm through your entertainment will be nearly over. Isn't there any later opportunity for you to hear the Bird Man, Bob?"

Bob shook his head ruefully. "We only got him here because he and our Scoutmaster were college mates. No, he was to draw birds and give imitations of their songs to us boys tonight, then go on to the University for a date." He managed a creditable substitute for a grin. "Now don't look like you were bound for a funeral, mother!" he teased. "Just tell me about Dot's doses, and after she goes to sleep I'll study a little and go through that dandy bird book you surprised me with on my birthday."

He beamed with enthusiasm. "A fellow has to know fifty birds to be an Eagle Scout," he told her eagerly, "but I know nearly twice that many now. And if we get to the mountains next summer I won't leave till I have a speaking acquaintance with most of the four hundred and fifty varieties in this state!"

His mother laughed, feeling confident that Bob's prophecy would come true. For no boy for miles around was as versed in bird lore, or loved and understood our feathered friends as did Bob White. Then to think that he of all the boys had to miss this wonderful opportunity of hearing Charles Holden, foremost authority on birds in the country!

Mr. Blake, the Scoutmaster, had roused the boys' interest to fever point by his admiring description of his friend's clever imitations and pastel drawings of the birds of many lands. "He's a globe trotter, an artist, a naturalist," Mr. Blake had said, "and his wife is a musician. She sings and plays on the harp while he accompanies her with his bird songs. They are a talented pair."

It took every ounce of courage, every grain of grit that Bob possessed to rise above his tragic disappointment until his mother was safely out of the house. "But the man who's worth while, is the man who can smile when everything goes dead wrong," kept sing-singing derisively through Bob's brain as he amused his little sister with sleepy-time tales. After she had arrived at the Land of Nod, accompanied by her doll family, her new shoes and the white kitten, Bob felt he could allow himself the luxury of being perfectly miserable. He stepped to the door and looked out into the November night. In the next block he heard a familiar whistle that sent his spirits a peg lower, for he knew Jim and Fred, neighbors and chums, were off to meet the bunch. In the opposite direction the lights of the church shone softly through stained glass windows, and Bob remembered the choir was preparing for Thanksgiving.

"Seems as if nothing could make me thankful when I have to miss the one thing I was keenest for," the boy con-



"THE BIRD MAN"

Photograph by Louise Birt Baynes

fided to the first softly-falling snowflakes. "Hello! It's going to be a white Thanksgiving anyway. If only we all had wirelesses like cousin Dick and his chums in the city!" He went in shivering, but getting some joy out of the reflection that the Scoutmaster was putting in wireless apparatus and had promised to initiate his boys into its mysteries shortly. "Guess I'll pop corn and look at my bird book," decided Bob with a sigh. Then with resolute philosophy he banged shut the door to his imagination through which he had pictured the delightful entertainment he must miss.

Mr. Blake, Bob's friendly Scoutmaster, was fully as disappointed as the boy himself as the evening progressed and no eager-eyed, kinky-haired Bird Boy joined his comrades. On the way home he overtook Mrs. White in the storm and she soon acquainted him with the reason for Bob's absence.

"It's a shame that Bob, of all the fellows, couldn't have been there," Mr. Blake said sympathetically. "I wanted him to meet Mr. Holden personally. However, it is barely possible that this evening may have a sequel," he confided hopefully. "If so, Bob shall be in on it even if—"

"Even if I have to leave that organ flat on its back," interrupted Mrs. White recklessly. Then Mr. Blake shared some tentative plans with her, warning, "But don't raise the boy's hopes till you hear from me."

Grandmother and grandfather drove in from the country for Thanksgiving, and as little Dorothy was her bright self again, there was an atmosphere of peaceful festivity about the little "White house," as the boys called the modest cottage. Grandmother had brought a great hamper of goodies that made a fellow's appetite sprout like Jack's bean stalk, and squirm like an eel. In short, before dinner was ready, Bob felt much like the little chap who mourned on a similar occasion:

"Oh, dinner seems so very late.

I don't see how I'm going to wait!

But since I've got a *whole hour* yet, I'm thankful I can *smell*, you bet!"

But the wonderful dinner was ready in time, and along with the delicious dessert—grandmother's pumpkin pie with whipped cream—came a mysterious message from the Scoutmaster. Mr. Blake would be "at home to Bob White at seven that evening." It savored something of a royal command and quickened Bob's curiosity. All through the jolly afternoon—there was a coasting bee on the hill—ran a thrill of anticipation. None of the boys mentioned an invitation, so Bob decided he was to be the solitary guest of honor. His chest measure expanded visibly as he started off that evening, just a trifle suspicious that his mother knew all about the affair.

Mr. Blake did not keep his visitor in suspense. Bob could not believe his own sizable ears, being stunned with incredulous

joy and compelled to pinch himself secretly, as the Scoutmaster explained the new wireless receiving set, installed and ready for use. "In ten minutes we'll tune in and get the program sent out from KDZQ. That's the News radio broadcasting station near the University," Mr. Blake was assuring the bewildered Bob. "And you're to be sole audience here."

"Oh, but Mr. Blake!" Bob protested unselfishly.

"No back talk," remarked his friend in mock severity. "I've a bushel of themes to correct while you revel in radio. This is here to stay, you know, and before long, you'll have one of your own. Now—all set!"

The kindly man was more than repaid for his thoughtfulness by the ecstatic expression on Bob's face when a few minutes later the boy heard the announcer present "Mr. Charles Holden, naturalist and bird craftsman." Then for a blissful hour Bob White came into his own—an enchanted land where birds warbled and whistled and trilled; where the water ouzel dipped into the waterfall and the meadow lark called, "Don't *we* think—it's—beautiful!"

When it was over at last and Bob came down to earth he stammered dazedly, trying to find words suitable for expressing his great appreciation. "It's the best part of Thanksgiving," he declared, "though I wouldn't want grandmother to hear that! It was bully of you to let me in on it, Mr. Blake. It was next best to seeing Mr. Holden."

"Maybe even that will come to pass," smiled the amazing Scoutmaster. "He is seriously considering staying in our state over the New Year. His wife needs a rest, and besides, he's keen on some snow-shoeing in a mountain park. He's promised to pay me a visit if he prolongs his stay."

That is exactly what happened, and not long after Bob White occupied a front seat at an entertainment given to the school children by the generous Bird Man. As he rapidly sketched many birds familiar to Bob, he announced that he would award a prize to the boy or girl who would volunteer to answer questions based on the information he had given in his brief lecture. Bob was literally boosted to the platform by his confident friends. And after an embarrassing but thrillingly successful period, Bob left the Bird Man, triumphantly bearing a pastel sketch of a life-like bunting, Colorado's most beautiful bird!

A Bad Example

BY H. O. SPELMAN

I SAW the bushy little squirrels
Take nuts between their paws,
And right before the boys and girls,
Just crack them with their jaws.
I 'spose it's right for them to do,
Because they are so strong;
But if the boys and girls did, too,
It would be very wrong.

Magalen, the Sailor Girl

BY RUTH KATHRYN GAYLORD

RACHEL was tired of everything—every single thing; she was even tired of reading her "Little Colonel." So she curled up in her chair, and stared out of the window.

"It's such a lonesome place to live all the year, at the seashore. The folks that come in summer think it's fun, but I guess they wouldn't like it now." Rachel swung one foot a bit angrily.

"Nobody lives nearby; nothing to do. There aren't any children up in the bunch of fishermen's cottages. I guess I'm the only girl for five miles around. I wish Father had kept his job in the city. I—I don't think I like being a Bethel-keeper's daughter."

Rachel sighed again, and stared at the row of summer cottages, all empty now along the beach with windows boarded up and protecting walls to keep the waves away. Usually she liked to play along the beach, chasing the waves, and running faster when the days were cold; but today she scowled at the breakers that splashed into sudsy white along the rocks. She wished—and wished—oh, how she wished she was back in the city.

"I'd phone to Dorothy," she thought, "and maybe to Eunice and Betty. We'd have a party or something. I don't see why Father has to run a Bethel. There aren't many sailors to come anyway. A Bethel's a funny place to live; it's a lonesome place!"

Then because she was tired of sitting still, as of everything else, Rachel left her book in the chair, and wandered out to find Father.

He was fussing over the motor boat, making it pop and sputter disgustedly. "Hello!" he called, turning his coat collar up.

The air was cold from off the ocean, and Rachel hugged her warm red sweater about her. "What are you doing?"

"Oiling the Crank's insides, to get her good-natured."

Rachel giggled. The boat's real name was the "Spray Fairy," and it was painted in beautiful letters along her side, but Father always called her the "Crank" instead. "Are you going out today?" She hoped he was, for that would be something to do.

"Going in five minutes, if the Crank says so. Come along?"

For answer, Rachel jumped into the boat and sat down with an expression that said: "I'll be here ready, so I can't possibly get left!" And just as she settled herself, the Crank's little black engine began to pop in splendid shape.

Father jumped in, and off they went, out on the harbor side, with the green water cut white underneath their bow, and the cold salt spray flying across their faces. Rachel forgot she was tired.

They headed straight for the nearest ship, a little black tug anchored in toward shore. When they came very

close, the tug looked bigger, and oh, so black above them. The deck was piled with ropes and huge old anchors.

The Crank whistled shrilly, and a sailor came running out on deck. "Meeting tonight," called Father in his loudest voice. "Seven o'clock."

The sailor nodded gaily, and waved his cap to Father and then to Rachel, till the Crank headed off for another ship. Rachel had seen the sailor before, for the little black tug often spent a night in the harbor, when it looked like storm. Some of the schooners she had seen yesterday. But there was one dingy black freighter, with her name in big red letters—"Magdalen."

"See the new one?" called Father.

Rachel nodded. "What a funny name! Most of them are 'Bessie T.' or the 'Jacob E. Jones!'"

One by one, the schooners tooted in passing, and Father called the news of the meeting. The sailors all looked so pleased that Rachel decided it was rather fun to keep the Bethel.

The "Magdalen" was furthest away, but someone was watching on the deck, and the someone was only a little girl with her hair blowing down in her eyes. Father came quite close, and stopped his engine to tell her about the meeting. She ran to call her father, and came back, hiding a bit behind him, but waving shyly to Rachel.

"Bring the little lady along," called Father. "Rachel here will give her a real good time."

And the "little lady" actually jumped up and down when she promised to come, and kept on waving to Rachel as long as she could see her.

"What a dingy old boat that 'Magdalen' is," said Rachel. "The paint's 'most off in places."

"Paint costs money these days," Father reminded. "The man was unusually polite; did you see him tip his cap? And the girl looked rather jolly. Give her a good time, daughter, before the meeting."

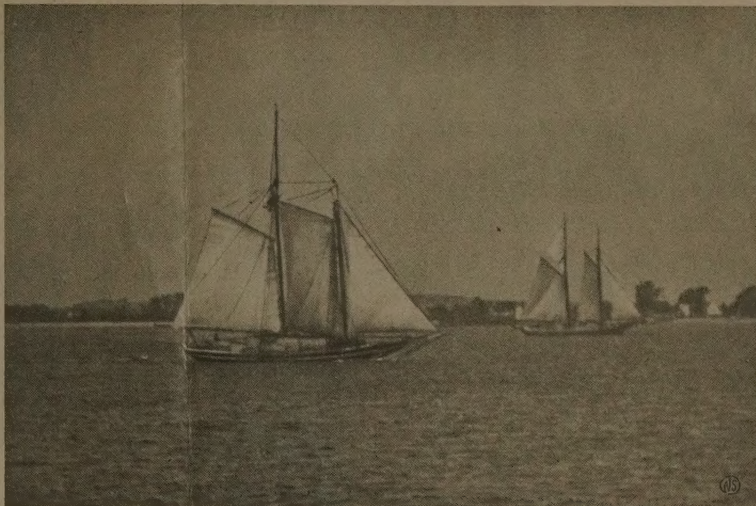
Rachel nodded. "But I wonder what girls like her would like to do on shore."

Seven o'clock came faster than ever before, and groups of sailors swung up to the Bethel, laughing and talking, eager for the meeting.

Rachel found the strange girl in one corner, staring at the case of curios. "Hello," she said, just a bit embarrassed herself, and wondering what to say next.

But the girl was pointing at one of the small-necked bottles, inside of which stood a tiny ship but perfect in every detail. Rachel thought she was going to ask how those were ever made inside of bottles, but the girl laughed a little. "My brother can make one bigger than that. When he gets it done, he lets me pull the string—real careful—and the masts go up and the sails spread out. It's fun."

Rachel was surer than ever that she wouldn't know how to entertain a sailor girl. "What's your name?" she asked



"One by one, the schooners tooted in passing"

finally.

"Magdalen."

"Oh," Rachel breathed "what a beautiful name! Were you named after the boat, or the boat after you?"

Magdalen laughed. "We were both named after my mother, and she was named after a schooner my grandfather saw once. It picked him up after he was shipwrecked, so he liked the name!"

Rachel watched her while she talked. She really had a dimple, and she acted exactly the same as a—land girl. That gave Rachel an idea. Perhaps she liked to do the same things as land girls.

"Do you read books?" she asked.

Magdalen's eyes sparkled. "Oh, yes! I'm reading a grand one now—"The Loves of Genevieve." It's dreadfully exciting."

Rachel thought very fast. She had never read the "Loves of Genevieve" but it sounded like the sort of books Father trusted her not to read. But perhaps it was all Magdalen had to read.

Suddenly Rachel caught her hand and led her back to the living room. "Here," she cried, "maybe you'd like to read this while I'm gone. I'll be back pretty soon."

Magdalen caught up the "Little Colonel" and was turning over the pages before Rachel shut the door.

"It's a grand book," she breathed, when Rachel came back a few minutes later. "I—I—would you be mad if I stayed here and read it instead of going to the meeting?"

Rachel remembered how she had jumped for joy at thought of the meeting. But she wanted to read even more! It must be lonesome living on a ship, even more lonely than in a Bethel.

"I'll tell you," she cried. "We'll go to the meeting; you'll want to sing and everything. Then I'll let you take my 'Little Colonel' home."

"But we're going away in the morning, and I don't know when we'll ever come back." Magdalen was smoothing the

book with loving fingers.

"That doesn't matter," said Rachel bravely, trying to forget how much she loved it herself. "I have some more, and if you come back again sometime, I'll change and give you another."

"Oh!" cried Magdalen, and her eyes were shining like the eyes of any land girl, "I'll love you every minute I'm gone, and I won't ever be lonesome, any more than if I lived in a wonderful place like a Bethel."

"Come, the meeting's beginning." But Rachel never told her that she had been thinking that very day, what a lonesome place a Bethel was.

I Saw a Leaf

BY ELSIE LUSTIG

I SAW a leaf a-blowing by,
A-going by,
A-blowing by,
I saw a leaf a-blowing by

All gold and red and brown.
It caught against a thistle dry,
As tall as I,
(Not very high),
It caught against a thistle dry
And could not flutter down.

"I'll get that golden leaf," said I.

"At least I'll try,

For I'm not shy.

I'll get that golden leaf," said I,

"To put in my best vase."

But as I spoke, it winked its eye

And flew right by—

A butterfly,

But as I spoke, it floated by

And left me in a daze!

A little girl of five was entertaining the callers while her mother was getting ready. One of the ladies remarked to the other with a significant look, "Not very p-r-e-t-t-y," spelling the last word. "No," said the child quickly, "but awful s-m-a-r-t."—Boston Transcript.



THE BEACON CLUB

OUR PURPOSE: Helpfulness.

OUR MOTTO: Let your light shine.

OUR BADGE: The Beacon Club Button.



Writing a letter for this corner makes you a member of The Beacon Club. Address, The Beacon Club, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass.

Any club member who has lost his button MUST SEND A TWO-CENT STAMP when requesting another.

UXBRIDGE, MASS.

Dear Miss Buck:—I have joined the Club before but have lost my button and would like to get a new one. I am ten years old now and have got a dog. Our minister is Rev. Mr. Wintersteen. We have seven in our class and have had one hundred per cent every Sunday so far. Our teacher is Mrs. Sharp.

I like to read *The Beacon* very much.

Yours truly,

MAURICE LOFSTEDT.

149 MAIN STREET,
AMHERST, MASS.

Dear Miss Buck:—I go to the Unitarian church in Amherst. Mrs. Walker is my Sunday-school teacher. She is very nice. There are thirty

children in our Sunday-school. Our minister is Rev. Mr. Ives. He is very nice. I receive *The Beacon* every Sunday and enjoy reading it. I would like to become a member of the Beacon Club and wear a button.

Sincerely yours,

JUNE ATWOOD.

-26 CHANNING ST., N. W.,

WASHINGTON, D. C.

Dear Miss Buck:—I go to the Unitarian church in Washington, D. C. Mrs. Eveleth is our teacher and Mr. Pierce our minister. A fine new church is being built and next year we hope to go there.

I enjoyed your visit here and I hope that you will come again.

I read *The Beacon* every Sunday and enjoy it very much. From what I have heard of your Club I would like to be a member. Maybe someone would like to correspond with me. I am thirteen years old and in the eighth grade. Last year my sister and I brought two girls to Sunday school.

I am sending a few simple puzzles which may be of some fun to someone.

Lovingly yours,

EDITH M. ADAMS.

Church School News

THE calendar of the church at Indianapolis for September 29th bears the names of eleven new members of the church school, and shows that on the preceding Sunday the school had an attendance of 119, a gain of 28 over the same date last year.

Our very largest church school is that of the First Parish in Quincy, Mass. The expenses of the school are paid by an appropriation from the church treasury. The amounts of money contributed by the members of the school and especially raised by them are used entirely for purposes of helpfulness. The report shows that the regular Sunday collections of this school for last year amounted to \$177.78. By special collection, \$138.79 was raised. Four classes by special work raised \$140. This total amount of \$456.77 was expended in contributions to the Nursery for Blind Babies, the Children's Mission, Country Week, Floating Hospital, Church School Endowment, Boy Scouts, Visiting Nurses, Children's Hospital, Unitarian churches in Transylvania and other special work taken up by the classes. This is a fine showing for the work of helpfulness of one of our schools for a single year. This church maintains a Kindergarten held during the time of church service.

The following report of the church school at Syracuse, N. Y., is made by M. Elizabeth Lewis, director of religious education:

Last June, our church school gave "A Flower Pageant" by Miss Henderson. It was enthusiastically received. Twelve of our school of forty received either certificates or Bibles for having attended every

Sunday unless prevented by illness. This year we are to keep a record of those who attend every Sunday when they are in the city. We are also to keep a record for promptness and notebook work and handwork. Whenever a boy or girl is absent for any cause the handwork for the day is sent to them with the assignment for the lesson. If the work is done and the next lesson prepared, the record of the class though broken as to attendance is not broken as to lessons. The first of every month there is to be a special service of worship with a short talk by the minister. The records of the highest classes will be read at that time.

The school gives \$60 a year to The Near East fund, \$15 to a child's bed in a local hospital, \$20 to running expense of The Boys' Club of the city and has made a three years' pledge of \$125 to the building fund of The Boys Club house. A contribution is also sent to the Religious Education Department of the denomination.

Rally Day was observed in the church school at Milford, N. H., on September 24th. The Superintendent reports that it was the most encouraging result they have ever secured in the school. Only four members were absent on that day. Of these, two were out of town with their parents and two were ill. This school in the Unitarian church had the highest percentage of attendance of any one of the five schools in the town, all of which were holding Rally Day services on that day. A special program was prepared in which both Superintendent and pupils took part. There was a welcoming service for the members of the Cradle Roll who were present on that occasion.

RECREATION CORNER.

ENIGMA XIV.

My 6, 15, 26, 18 is a way of departure.
My 12, 17, 8, 3 is a kind of shot.
My 4, 6, 1, 11 is an adverb.
My 20, 24, 2, 10, 25 is to stain.
My 13, 27, 5 is a drunkard.
My 9, 14, 22, is a body of water.
My 21, 7, 19 is a garden tool.
My 16, 23, 28, is a girl's name.
My whole is one of the Proverbs, composed of twenty-eight letters.

The Target.

ENIGMA XV.

I am composed of 20 letters and am a quotation from Emerson.

My 4, 7, 16, 2, 20, is an article of furniture.
My 14, 19, 11, is a label.
My 9, 20, 10, 18; 1, 8, is to be angry.
My 17, 5, 12, 3, is used in a gun.
My 6, 15, 13, is a measure of weight.

D. H.

A FEW HOUSES

(Select one letter from each of the words; for example, one-fifth of birch is the letter b.)

1. What type of house is one-fifth birch, one-fifth spruce, one-fourth pine, one-third gum, one-fifth maple, one-fifth larch, one-third oak and one-sixth willow.

2. What kind is one-seventh cypress, one-sixth locust, one-fourth teak, one-eighth tamarack, one-third ash, one-seventh dogwood and one-fifth cedar?

3. What old-time sort is one-fifth beech, one-fifth apple, one-eighth chestnut, one-ninth butter-nut, one-seventh hemlock and one-fourth pear?

The Wellspring.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC

x	x
x	x
x	x
x	x
x	x
x	x
x	x
x	x
x	x
x	x

If the words are correctly filled in, the first and last columns will spell the names of two well-known poets.

1. Something in which to keep money. 2. Having feelings proper to man. 3. A race of people. 4. Hurler. 5. An agreement. 6. Places of entrance. 7. First name of a singer. 8. To come back.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN NO. 6

ENIGMA X.—When a man is in earnest and knows what he is about, his work is half done. TWISTED AUTOMOBILES—1. Franklin. 2. Ford. 3. Oakland. 4. Overland. 5. Dodge. 6. Haynes. 7. Pierce-Arrow. 8. Hudson. 9. Cadillac. 10. Cole. 11. Nash. 12. Packard.

WORD PUZZLES—1. Brace. 2. Score. 3. Flat. 4. Natural. 5. Measure. 6. Air. 7. Accidental. 8. Pitch. 9. Chord. 10. Allegro. 11. Staff. 12. Time. 13. Forte. 14. Note. 15. Major.

BEREADINGS—1. S-care. 2. P-robe. 3. R-oar. 4. F-ear. 5. J-angle. 6. L-ink. 7. O-live. 8. G-rove. 9. G-loss. 10. S-cold.

THE BEACON

REV. FLORENCE BUCK, EDITOR.

Issued weekly from the first Sunday of October to the first Sunday of June, inclusive



PUBLISHED BY

The BEACON PRESS, Inc.
25 Beacon St., Boston, Mass.

May also be secured from

21 E. 38th St., New York
105 S. Dearborn St., Chicago
612 Phelan Bldg., San Francisco

Subscription Price: Single subscription, 60 cents. In packages to schools, 50 cents.

Entered at the Boston Post-office as second-class mail matter

Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage provided in Section 1103, Act of October 3, 1917, authorized on September 13, 1918.

Printed in Boston, U. S. A., Old Colony Press